

# CHRISTIAN SPIRITUALIST

"EVERY PLANT WHICH MY HEAVENLY FATHER HATH NOT PLANTED SHALL BE ROOTED UP."

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### A WORD TO SPIRITUALISTS.

To the Editor of the Christian Spiritualist:

Sir: A query has presented itself to my mind. What are Spiritualists about? Are they a body amenable to the reproaches thrown at them by the Tribune some few weeks back? Are they mere sectarians as they are accused of being, split into denominations, Jackson Davisites, Christian Spiritualists, materialists, harmonial philosophers, wonder seekers, or do they stand on the broad and universal platform of truth, and are one and entire? That many of the Spiritualists are mere wonder seekers is certain, or we should not hear of the crowd of desirers who would force themselves if possible into the so termed *Miracle Circle*. If it were not so, we should not see the flockings of the crowds to hear a fluent medium speak with shut eyes. Surely this is a thing which can be witnessed at any home circle. This perhaps is not so much to be condemned, as wonders often lead the mind to contemplate, and eventually receive the holy truths presented by Spiritualism. But when a prominent and recognized member of the Spiritual body stands up, after the delivery of one of those lectures, and says that such verbiage and sentiments could not have proceeded from a merely mortal effort, and that it is inspiration, what then shall Spiritualists think? How shall the outside world sneer, when on witnessing the effort, it is found to pale before the glowing eloquence of many of the pulpits of this city, and is wholly wanting in that condensed and consecutive arrangement of ideas which is to be found even in the Tribune tirades. And when these utterances are made in the presence of the persons delivering the discourse, how are we to consider it possible for them to preserve that humble estimation of themselves so necessary for the reception of the Spiritual influx. If mediums were Gods, we could understand the equilibrium might be preserved, but when they are but mortal, how shall they be free from the degenerating power of such eulogiums?

As I look at the matter, although I believe Spiritualism, in its pure sense, is the announcement to man through his Spiritual affinity of the very truth of God, yet do I see that perseverance in such a course as adopted, will dim the grandeur of the light, and crush it beneath the load of human wantings.

In a Spiritual organ of this city, what do we find; continual puffings of the conductors of that organ and of their proteges, a carping, even after the fashion of the world's journals for notoriety.—Is this a consistent course to be pursued by an organ, the profession of whose promoters was freedom, and the dissemination of Spiritual truth? Is there freedom? Is there a free admission of the opinions of Spiritualists; whether or not they are open to the charge made against them of refusing articles unless they coincide with their particular view of the subject, I am unable to say. But this I do know, that an article was sent them, well written, if I am a judge of composition, which amongst other interesting comments contained some strictures upon the works of their great Spiritual luminary Andrew Jackson Davis, and it was not inserted. I would not desire to be considered as condemning Mr. Davis in toto, for I believe he had done much in inducing an inquiry into the claim of Spiritualism, and though I must in common with the body of Spiritualists commend his zeal, yet I must utterly condemn many of his propoundings, and do believe that his writings have served greatly to rivet the brand cast by the outside world upon Spiritualism, viz: the charge of Materialism. If Materialism is Spiritualism, then do I say from this time I wash my hands of it, for if God is a Spiritualized atom, what can there possibly be for worship? as well might man bow himself before the image of Baal. If this God is truly portrayed, what is the coveted immortality? How is the intuition of man to be satisfied? Matter we are, are we then to matter to return?—Where would be then in such case the sin in worshipping beauty when portrayed in the symmetrical lines of the speaking stone, bowing ourselves before the sublime inspirations of genius? But when we know that man as well as a material, has a Spiritual nature, and which are completely distinct in substance and aspirations, can we do so. Is not this higher nature to be satisfied?

Spiritualism means the precepts of Christ, the practice of the early Christians, or it means nothing. The immortality promised is an embodiment in a Spiritual essence through eternity, or it is nothing, with the presentment of a personal God, and the radiation the soul receives from the person of God constitutes its being of love and truth.

We condemn the christian world because they deride the Spiritual claim, forming their opinions from the works with which the Spiritual press teem; and if those works be the guide, has not the world taken a right action? Should not the doctrines there propounded be condemned alike by christian world, by Spiritualists, and by every reflecting mind? If Spiritualism is Materialism, if God is only an undefined something, to what does

our cry of progression amount to? Are we not retrograding? Are we plunging into the darkness of the middle ages? Had Spiritualism been fairly presented to the world, should we then have heard of the many sarcasms which so wound the feelings of its true votaries. Because of the ignorant cry of a traditional faith, is the Bible to be condemned? Should not the Spiritual body have rather showed their inspirations by pouring the glory of its influx upon its pages, explaining the dark and mystical passages, than by being led by the absurdity of an enthusiastic search for new views to condemn that which contains the most important revelations ever made to man. When man ignores the Bible, he ignores the truth. Have the Spiritualists no discriminating powers, can they not discover between the commentations of men and the Divine influx? If they cannot, then would I ask, to what do their Spiritual pretensions lead? What is the use of the powers they say they possess? The church say evil Spirits are their inspirers, and the course many have adopted, it must be admitted, appears to lead to this conclusion. Are we to take the insane purities we so often see in print as the inspirings of God, and for them forsake the Bible? In one breath, we are told that this world is the reflex of the spheres, and that the same conditions observable in this life are found in the heavenly region; and yet they talk of beauty, symmetry, glory and perfection; the darker phases always obscured; as all Spirits say they are happy. Is happiness then a positive state? It seems to me, that all states are comparative; unless there were phases of condition, how could there be contrast? Is there then no punishment for the abuse of the intellectual and sensuous perceptions; if Spirits were truthful, all states would be truly portrayed. Is it that they would ensnare man by painting the future life as all honey and flowers?—If the other life and this have an exact similitude, can it be denied that then evil is present there as well as here? We know evil men abound in this world. Do then these men by passing the grave, rub off all the angularities of their nature, and with one bound, become fitting inheritors of the glory of God? Are all their evil sentiments stifled, are all their perversions of God changed to good? If this is so, then what is free will? It exists in this state; is it absent in the next? If absent, then where is the exactness of the similarity? If there be evil men existing in this world, does it not seem to follow as a natural consequence, that evil Spirits exist in the world to come? Have not the Spirits said that to afford physical manifestations that they require the aid of unprogressed Spirits, Spirits actuated by material presentments rather than by their Spiritual affinities? Is not this a confounding of truth, a mystical jargon, an utter absurdity? Is it the desire of Spiritualists to gather proselytes, or propound to the world the glory of truth? But then they say, men must not be frightened, for many flee from the material sulphur, and smoke, and take refuge with us. To this I would answer, that men who are only impelled by their fears, have no influx of truth, have no irradiations of the divine nature,—for God is love. Man must exert the power of his reason, or be engulfed in gloom in the other state. I do not say there are devils and hell in the popular acceptance of the word, but I do say, that those who neglect the opportunities offered to them here, will in their next stage of being, find themselves in a state, immeasurably beneath, that state we conceive to be happiness.—And reason must tell us that in all states less than happy, there must be pain; it may be torment and agony.

If Spiritualists in Spiritualism only seek for wonders, shall they not be condemned? Do they not by such a course merit the scorn and reproach which by such doings they so richly earn? They say they are free, and the next moment appear as idol worshippers. Is this an unjust accusation?—Is not the continuous cry at the Conferences, give us facts? If a presentment of new phases then most desirable, but the humdrum every day thing to be found in every circle, can that be interesting,—is it advancement? What man cares to hear that this man's grand mother or that one's baby came and manifested itself? Grand mothers and babies manifest themselves every hour.—Pleasant such things to satisfy the sympathies and sensibilities of the particular individuals, but where in all this, I again ask, is the boasted progress?—An old Spiritualist, and one who has made sacrifice for the cause lately, told me, two years ago "I was in the habit of constantly attending the Conference meetings, but left them disgusted with the continuous repetitions of the same things." "A few evenings back, I stepped into one, and found the same old stanzas," he then said, "this is not progress!" And yet, this must continue so long as men seek individual notoriety; so long as men profess Spiritualism as a means to an end. And now a new phase has sprung up. A few evenings back, a subscription was got up for a periodical, to enable Mr. Conklin to give free circles; a laudable project, and one meriting the support of all true Spiritualists, and which was so far successful. The following evening, it was attempted to get up a demonstration in favor of Miss Jay, to give her a benefit, and the attenders at the Conference were solicited to take tickets to sell to their friends. So far as the meeting was concerned, the effort failed.—The gentleman at the head of the movement did not discriminate between that which was for the general advantage and the exaltation of an individual. It does not appear that this is the legitimate object of Conferences, Spiritualists might willingly go themselves and hear Miss Jay, but when it comes to the question of forcing their friends to go, or returning the tickets, or paying for them them-

selves, it is a different affair. One gentleman, a Spiritualist, on being asked, said all his friends were infidels. Spiritualists had the same opportunities as he to obtain tickets, so also he could tell his friends. But he could do this without forcing a card into a friend's hand and demanding twenty-five cents, which out of kindness to him would not perhaps be refused. If these are the modes to be adopted in the presentment of Spiritualism, then I must say, that if it cannot get on without the adoption of such means, it cannot with them, for such a course does appear very like a tax.

In conclusion I would say, I hope the time is not far distant when Spiritualists will merge the man, in the Spirit, and look at Spiritualism not as a means of worldly advancement, not for the defilement of an individual, but as the means of disseminating a glorious truth.

Mr. Editor, I have said my say, because I think that my say should be said, and I did not well see how you could have made the same comments by reason of your position, and subscribe myself in all charity and love

A SPIRITUALIST.

### MISS JAY AT HOPE CHAPEL.

[Photographically reported.]

On Wednesday evening of last week a complimentary benefit was given to Miss Emma Frances Jay, a speaking medium, at Hope Chapel. This was given as a testimony of the good feelings of Spiritualists who have heard her lecture heretofore in the trance state; and also to assist her pecuniarily in a projected voyage to Europe. The attendance was very fair, although the Chapel was not crowded.

The exercises commenced with the singing of a duet, appropriate to the time and place, after which Professor S. B. Brittan made some remarks with reference to what was understood would be the order of exercises for the evening. Many, perhaps, had been attracted there with a view to witness some physical display of Spiritual power. But, on this occasion, they would be disappointed, as the only manifestations made through Miss Jay were speaking and singing. He then spoke of the manner in which it was supposed Spirits impressed or spoke through mediums, describing the different methods. Sometimes the control was so complete that the Spirit was able to give, not only its ideas, but even the verbal clothing of the thoughts uttered by the medium. In the case of Miss Jay it was believed that very frequently not merely the idea of the Spirit but the clothing that the idea puts on, the verbal expression, is determined by the action of the Spirit-mind, from the fact that very profound natural and theological questions were frequently discussed in a style which was beyond what could be expected in a young lady who had never pursued such studies. It was proposed to give this meeting, as before indicated, a somewhat more conversational character, perhaps, than a lecture.—It was requested, if any person had any questions to be answered, if they would hand them in, they should be submitted to the medium after the influence had been exerted upon her, and perhaps answers would be given. So far as we were concerned, we could not promise anything. He hoped some questions might be suggested, for the reason that it has been supposed there was a previous mental preparation on the part of the medium, and that it was simply a rehearsal of ideas which had passed through the mind. If questions should be proposed and answered satisfactorily, it would remove this objection in the minds of the audience. For this reason the speaker desired questions should be submitted.

After the singing of another duet, the following questions, handed from the audience, were read by Mr. Brittan:

1st. Are the efforts of Miss Jay produced by a Spirit direct, or are her powers simply quickened by Spiritual influence?  
2d. Can Spirits, after death, pass through material bodies, so that, if confined in a room hermetically sealed, they could pass out?  
3d. What is the Spiritual information in regard to endless punishment?

Miss Jay arose, and, in answer to these questions, spoke as follows:

Friends, in speaking of mediumship, or the powers of the medium now before you, and in endeavoring to comply with your requests to know whether she is simply inspired and her powers quickened, or whether she is actually possessed by an intelligence foreign to herself, I trust I can answer in a few words to your satisfaction. Now, the mind of this medium is, as you are aware, a distinctive being from the Spirit who controls the organization to speak, because when her own mind acts upon it, it simply portrays itself. The mind must act through organs according to the powers of the organization. If the mind of a Spirit, thus controlling a medium, be far superior to the mind that naturally possesses the physical organism, it could not portray its thoughts and feelings to perfection; this could not be unless the quality and properties of that organism were adapted to the wants of that particular mind. Hence the medium now before you must of necessity possess the peculiar quality of brain necessary as a channel through which we pour the thoughts of the Spirit forth, or we could not give them to you. You see, at once, that an instrument placed before you might be indifferently used by the possessor of it, because he did not understand its powers; it is not because its mechanism is incapacitated to bring forth the melody and harmony that dwell within its delicate chords. But let another more skillful hand possess its keys, and what heavenly music does it discourse! Is the instrument changed? By no means. Hence the medium may possess powers which she knows not of. The mind is a vast world, and you nor any

other one knows the extent of your powers and abilities. You are constantly unfolding and progressing, and this medium differs not from you in this respect. She possesses many powers that equal any thing you have ever heard from Spirits; but that she understands those powers fully, and can bring them forth to you, we deny. When we first began to control this medium for pouring our thoughts to the world, she was comparatively uneducated—I mean when compared with the present. Conceive, if you can, of a mind constantly being under the influence of such thoughts and feelings, constantly listening to communications of the character of which many of you have heard, for two years, and would you not suppose that many hidden springs of thought within herself would be touched, and thus bring forth those bright angel-thoughts, even to her Spirit as well as to the Spirits who surround her. In the case of this medium, it depends wholly upon conditions whether we simply quicken her powers for the time being; her organization and give you our own thoughts and views in substance. The subject of mediumship is a great theme—one which you cannot understand in your language, because language is inadequate to describe it. Hence a person cannot be said to fully understand all the phases of mediumship that this Spirit-control produces. If we take possession of the medium and speak our own language and ideas, then you would recognize the style as foreign to herself, as far above her capacity, or at least the development of one of her years.—You have been the judge in this matter. And when we say that we can control her to the apparent setting aside of her own Spirit—though the connection must be kept up between the physical and Spiritual organism—yet we assert, during this time, Spirits do possess her physical organization and thus give you their own views, clothed in their own words.

In relation to the power of Spirits to pass thro' solid substances, we would also speak. This is a subject that you cannot fully comprehend, because of the inadequacy of language to express the actual demonstrations of the powers and properties of the Spiritual organism. You ask, what is mind? Do you understand the mind as being the operation of the internal powers through the physical organization? All mind, you say, is a production of thought and ideas that ultimate in individual external expression. Now, the Spiritual form is in every respect, analogous to the physical or external; and the material is not as you have been taught to suppose, the first germ of existence. The Spiritual principle is the foundation of the physical structure. When the Spiritual form becomes so far sublimated and etherealized as to believe in the attributes of God, the Supreme Being, the Great Positive Mind, it is, by the fact of mingling with those attributes, sublimated to a degree that it forms an individual, and that individual can never be destroyed. It is not dependent for its existence upon mere physical conditions; if it were so, you have no reason to suppose the mind immortal. If it could not exist independent of its relation to the material structure, then you can bring no idea upon which to rest your faith in immortality; you must begin with the Spiritual body. This combination of ingredients is invisible to your material eyes or vision. Though you know this Spirit-life animates all forms, you cannot see it; you only see the effects of it as produced upon the physical organization or the outer structure. Look upon the forms of the mineral, vegetable and animal creations—all these, in their various departments, possess this same innate Spiritual power, but only perceptible to you as it affects the outer or that which is material—that which is tangible and visible. You know its existence, because you see its effects, but you cannot define it in your language. We see that this same Spirit composes man, and that there are grades of refinement that constitute this Spiritual structure; and though the organization corresponds in every respect to the external or physical, yet there are numberless multitudes of refined and sublimated Spiritual bodies. Man cannot arrive at a conception of his own internals, because he is ever unfolding, and is inexhaustible in himself, even as the Deity. This is what constitutes immortality, the idea that the Spirit exists throughout eternity; and this is the attractive feature of the Spiritual philosophy—the teaching of this great law of progression which governs man throughout eternity, his Spirit being constantly unfolding and developing, yet never being perfected.

This Spiritual body must of necessity, in its relations to the physical, bear something of tangibility; and though it is infinitely more refined than the material form, it must be somewhat material to live and exist in contact with this materiality.—And when the Spirit leaves that form, if it possesses the same organization, must be somewhat material; and I should say that the Spiritual body is not, in all cases, capable of passing through solid substances.

You say electricity is material, and yet this can pass through solid substances. I believe there is nothing impervious to the Spirit of electricity—that which Spirits use to mingle with the forces emanating from the physical structure to produce Spiritual manifestations. The Spirit may control, through this substance, so as to produce a concussion which commends itself to your material senses. But that Spirit can, in all cases, pass through solid substances, I do not believe. It depends upon conditions. If the Spirit has become so far refined as to be able to control the emanations of the Spiritual body, as it would this electrical current, then it would pass through material substances. But you see, at once, if the Spirit is organized and passes through a solid substance it

must become disorganized in some manner. In view of this consideration, it would be inconsistent that the Spirit-body could, as an organization, pass through solid substances in this manner.

Many ask how it is that the Spirit leaves the body at death? The Spiritual powers of the internal, as we look upon them, and as we before said, are infinitely more sublimated, etherealized and refined than the externals of the same Spiritual body. Hence the internals may be constantly passing, for hours, from the external body, and thus commence a new formation, a new organization, and at the same time, maintain its relations to the actual Spiritual organization. The germ of the Spiritual body is transported from the internals of the Spiritual body simply to another sphere, and there attracts to itself, by this same divine law, those particles of the Spiritual body that have the greatest affinity for it, until the entire form is complete. We do not suppose there was ever an instance where the Spiritual form left the external in one moment, and perhaps not in an hour. Yet, in instances where dissolution takes place gradually, or the decay of the physical body is so gradual as to render the Spiritual almost separated from it hours before the time of apparent separation, the Spirit-body must become almost wholly formed before it ceases to act upon the external. But, as in the case of the infant, there must of necessity, a separation take place,—and the Spiritual birth corresponds to the natural. So the Spiritual form must be severed from the physical, and this may not take place until life has been apparently extinct for hours.

There have been cases on record where the person has appeared to be robbed of life for hours, and again the Spirit would re-animate the physical structure. But we believe, in the cases of Lazarus and the ruler's daughter, the actual Spiritual body had not passed from the physical structure, else it could not have returned. Do not you see it is inconsistent that after all action has ceased, after this vital fluid has been withdrawn, and physical dissolution takes place, that the Spirit could again return by any possible means and re-animate that body. Hence we do not believe that death, in the sense in which you understand it, took place in reference to these persons. I do not know as I could give you my meaning better than this. But you must, as I before said, form your own ideas in relation to this. It is not a matter which Spirits can bring to your comprehension. There are great thoughts in your mind that have a particular form of organization there, yet you can never portray them to another. Your language is inadequate to this. Even so with us. We see the existence of great truths, and though we cannot give them to you as we perceive them, yet we are glad to present, though imperfectly, ideas which you cannot glean from the physical world.

Now, in relation to the third question of eternal punishment. We must speak of positive good and evil as considered among you. Let us return to the beginning of creation, for it is to the Great First Cause that we must trace all effects—for nothing ever yet existed without a cause and origin. You say that God—that Being you call Supreme—the omnipotent and omnipresent Power whom you personify under this name, is the Creator of all things. Your Bible teaches you that in six days He created the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, and pronounced them good.—Now, my friends, there is none of you who will not admit that eternal punishment is a dire evil—something that mankind is to dread, is to flee from as their most deadly foe;—hence it cannot be good. But, as God created all things that were created, I cannot conceive it possible that He should have been the creator of anything entirely antagonistic to His divine character. Hence I decry the existence of a positive principle of evil.

Let us look further at the subject. You say we have been taught that the principle of evil rather emanated from the rebellion of an angel in heaven, and that he was cast out and cursed; then he came upon the earth and tempted our first parents, who fell from a state of holiness and purity; and in this manner sin was transmitted to us and all future generations, and also the curse of eternal punishment and banishment from the presence of Jehovah. Now, my beloved friends, think of the inconsistency of this doctrine. Can you suppose it possible that an angel in the courts of heaven, who had his birth there, and was created by this divinely pure Being, the Father of Infinite Love,—can you suppose it possible that he could become discontented with his condition, could rebel against his Maker, and, in consequence of the superior power of God, be cast out and thrown upon the earth? How is it that this created being possesses the power to create a principle entirely antagonistic to the power of his Creator?—a principle that shall exist as long as that first Creator exists? Do you not make this angel, Spiritually, the actual creator of a principle or law that governs or controls nine-tenths of the human family, while God, the great legitimate Creator, has only power to attract to Himself but a small portion of His children.

How strangely inconsistent is this doctrine! I ask you to consider it, and remember that Christ—whom you regard as the great teacher—declared that a good tree could not bring forth corrupt fruit, nor a pure fountain send forth bitter and sweet waters. If God created the heavens and the earth, and all that in them is, and at the end of that creation pronounced them good, where, I ask, either in the Scriptures, in Nature, or in science, is one evidence of a new creation by Him of this principle of evil? Ah! thanks be to His Almighty name, He hath indeed pronounced the creation

and works of His hands supremely good; and only as man perverts those good powers with which he was endowed, and puts them to wrong uses, is it that he reaps the bitter reward of his doings and incurs his punishment. Ask your good christian friends, the clergy. If you had power, my dear brother, would you not redeem all mankind?—would you not take them from this pit of darkness, and lift them up to those bright celestial spheres, where God sits forever in glory? "O yes, I love mankind,—I pity their sorrows, and I would redeem them from sin; but God—He who was the Creator, who saw the end from the beginning—who controlleth all things, and of whose mighty laws you are but the simple result—He hath not power to accomplish this."

Brethren, see to it that ye regard the character of God as pure above what you are pure. Remember that if you possess this degree of kindness and love for the human family, God is infinitely more pure than you,—that this divine love-principle, embodied in you, is but a spark from the great everlasting and unquenchable flame of His divine love. If by thus framing a code of laws that were infinitely pure and unchangeable, He brought you into existence; if, after the termination of millions of years that science has proved to you were consumed in the formation of the earth, man was finally produced as the ultimatum of the action of those glorious laws upon matter and its grosser forms, this Garden of Eden was thus prepared for the habitation of man, is it not consistent to suppose that Jehovah made every provision for the happiness and best interests of His children. Do the birds of the air go mourning because God has not given unto them their daily food. Learn ye of the simple handiworks of God a lesson that shall be an ever-living oracle, portraying the character of your Father in Heaven, and teaching you your own relations, powers and capacities, and their proper uses.

Now man, as he exists among you, it is said, is infinitely evil; all the feelings of his heart are opposed to good; he follows those pursuits that tend to drag down, or heap over the pure gem of Spirit the pall of darkness and undevelopment. But I ask, is this natural to the human heart, or is it simply the effect of circumstances? Is it not because man has not become, as an individual and Spiritual body, developed to that point where he can perceive the internal of the world of Nature, and thus worship Jehovah through those works and become, by that means, acquainted with himself? Is the innocent child the fond mother presses to her bosom an object of aversion to the Lord, the Father of everlasting life and love? Is it an object of aversion to the mother? If not, if she would lay down her life for her offspring, from whence emanates this divine love-principle? Is it not emblematic of the character of Him who liveth and reigneth forever? Truly, if you could conceive of a being destitute of this attribute you have not a God but a demon. You have invented only the creator of evil rather than of good. Look upon Nature, in all her beauty, her purity, her perfection, and trace the character of the creator from the pure laws impressed upon this lovely landscape. As you see the germ of wisdom, love and truth in the child, so regard it as the pure animative mirror that reflects the character of that divine existence which has endowed you with great intellectual and physical powers. Man is no more the contributor of circumstances than the physical structure. Or I should say, the mind or Spirit is the gift of God; and your Scriptures declare unto you that the Spirit returns to God who gave it.—When it leaves the body, it passes into the internal of that sphere: you now inhabit, and exists as you exist, worshipping God as you do, and no more coming into immediate contact with Him than you do. The veil of the physical and external is removed, and you see more clearly the workings and laws of the Divine Mind, Spiritually, that surround and govern you. Man is his own curser in proportion as he darkens his Spiritual powers, and heaps upon himself the dust and rubbish of materiality, which comes by the indulgence of the external passions and appetites that belong to the physical and material structure, to the neglect of the Spiritual powers.

Mrs. Jay spoke still further to the same effect upon the latter portion of the subject, and finished by stating that these remarks were as good answers as she could give to the questions which had been propounded.

Prof. Brittan read some other questions which were handed from the audience, one of which was to this effect: Is there any superiority in the teachings of Spirits over the pulpit preaching? To this question the Spirits through Miss Jay, answered at some length, in favor of Spiritual teachings.

The mighty spirits of our race, are as the lyric thoughts of God, that drop and breathe from his Almighty solitude; transient cords flying forth from the strings, as his solemn hand wanders over the possibilities of beauty. One finely finished expression of mind, one entire symmetric saint, has fallen upon our world. In Christ we have the overflowing world, the deep and beautiful soliloquy, of the Most High; not his message and his argument,—for in that, he only cast in meditation, upon the silence of history. Not more certainly do we discern in the writings of Shakespeare, the greatest manifestation of human genius, than in the reality of Christ, the highest expression of the Divine. Not more clearly does the worship of the saintly soul, breathing through its windows opened to the midnight, betray the secrets of its affections—than the mind of Jesus of Nazareth, reveals the perfect thought, and inmost love of the All-ruling God.—James Martineau.











## Poetry.

[For the Christian Spiritualist.]  
NIGHT—MORNING.

BY S. N.

In the day and dawn,  
Oh my soul!  
Do rays of light illumine,  
Like angels in Christ's tomb,  
The blackness of thy morning,  
Restless soul.  
Darkness still enshrouds thy day,  
Oh my soul!  
No ray of light is gleaming,  
That those in death's arms dreaming,  
May find their Christ, their way,  
Shadowed soul.  
There are keener sights than thine,  
Joy my soul!  
In prophetic vision they  
See down a wondrous day,  
Which shall gem with light divine,  
Darkest souls.

[From the Canada Christian Advocate.]

### A MORNING HYMN.

[The Baron von Cautz lived in the latter half of the eighteenth century, and was engaged in the service of the Elector of Brandenburg. He was the author of several hymns, which are of remarkable beauty, as may be seen in the following translation, for the greatest part of which I am indebted to the kindness of a friend; but the language of the original, in several places, cannot be adequately translated into English.—Dr. Arnold.]

Come my soul, thou must be waking—  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day;  
Come to him who made this splendour—  
See thou render  
All thy feeble powers can pay.

From the stars thy course be learning:  
Dimly burnt  
With the sun, the light grows pale;  
So let all that sense delighted,  
While benighted  
From God's presence fade and fail.

Let how all breath partaking  
Gladly waking,  
Hail the sun's enlivening light!  
Plants, whose life he made so dear,  
Rise and flourish,  
When he breaks the shades of night.

Then, too, halt the light returning—  
Ready burning  
By the income of thy powers;  
For the night is safely ended—  
God hath tended  
With his care thy helpless hours.

Pray that he may prosper ever  
Each endeavor,  
When 'tine aim is good and true;  
But that he may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee  
When thou evil would'st pursue.

Think that he thy ways beholdeth—  
He unfeigned  
Every fault that lurks within;  
Every stain of shame glossed over,  
Can discover  
And discern each deed of sin.

Ere to the fleeting hours,  
All our powers  
Vain and brief are borne away,  
Time, my soul, thy ship is steering  
Onward veering  
To the gulf of death a prey.

May'st thou, then, on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in amber sweet;  
Released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness  
That brighter Sun to greet.

Only God's free gift abuse not,  
His light refuse  
But still his Spirit's voice obey;  
Soon shall joy thy brow be wreathing,  
Splendor breaking  
Fairer than the fairest day.

If aught of care this morn oppress thee,  
To him address thee,  
Who, like the sun, is good to all;  
He glads the mountain tops, the hills  
His gracious smile  
Will on the humblest valley fall.

Round the gifts his bounty showers:  
Walls and towers  
Girt with flames, thy God shall rear;  
Angels lent to defend thee  
Shall attend thee  
Hosts whom Satan's gulf shall fear.

## MAGNETIC MAGIC:

Historical and Practical Treatise on Fascinations, Cabalistic Mirrors, Suspensions, Compacts, Talismans, Convolutions, Possessions, Sorcery, Witchcraft, Incantations, Sympathetic Correspondences, Necromancy, etc., etc.

Translated from the French of L. A. Cahagnet,  
Author of the "Celestial Telegraph."

### EIGHTH DIALOGUE.

#### CONCLUSION.

[CONTINUED FROM NO. 42.]

One day while at Argenteuil, M. Lecoq, watchmaker of the Marine, No. 9 Calais street, came and talked at length with me on this interesting topic. When he left I went and took a moment's rest upon my bed. As I was starting mechanically at the sky, I perceived there several white clouds.—Two of them more particularly attracted my attention; they were remarkably elongated, and the first ended in the shape of a Y—the other resembled an arrow, and set exactly into the first. All on a sudden I conceived the idea of preventing this junction by cutting off the second cloud. I succeeded in doing so, and the two clouds did not unite. This experiment gave me courage, and I tried to cancel entirely the clouds I saw in the sky. The largest were about two yards in every direction. I succeeded in causing the disappearance of four of them in about a quarter of an hour. I became quite excited, and acquired the conviction that I was right in my views on the subject. But I am always diffident about my own experiments, and like to be confirmed in my opinion by the testimony of other persons. I went, therefore, and prayed M. Lecoq to come and witness my experiments.

He came, and was literally amazed when I told him to point out a cloud and that I would cause it to disappear from the sky in less than five minutes. M. Lecoq stared at me with surprise, and perhaps terror; I am sure he thought I was mad. At last he designated a cloud, which I dispelled according to my promise. But he thought it might be a delusion, and prayed me to repeat the experiment. I did so two or three times with the same success. He then exclaimed with ardor, "Oh my God, how happy I should be if I could do the same thing myself!"

"You can do so," I replied.  
"Oh, no! it is impossible; I shall never be able to realize such wonders."

"Have faith and act upon this cloud," I pointed out one at the same time. "You will succeed as well as myself."

It was with much hesitation my friend could make up his mind to follow my advice; at last he did so. But it was only after having melted successively three clouds, that he began to understand the wonders which can be operated upon the atmosphere by means of human magnetism.

On the following day, M. Chevallier Medur and M. Gerard, both residents of St. Gratien, near Paris, came and saw me towards the evening.—They had heard of my experiments and questioned me at once upon this subject, showing at the same time some skepticism, and the strongest desire of witnessing themselves my performances. There were only two clouds in the sky at that moment—I said to Medur:

"I do not feel able to act now upon such large clouds, (they were about two feet long,) yet if you both will help me, I shall try."

"Very willingly," said they.  
"Then I'll attack the first one's head and break it to pieces!"

"I'll cut it by the middle," said Medar, with that faith which moves mountains.  
"I'll pull down its rear part," said M. Gerard.  
"We shall all operate together."

We acted energetically. Some one might have taken us for the Horrii. In ten minutes one of clouds was with its predecessors in the immensity wherein we float. M. Gerard then said:

"It is true that one has disappeared; but it may have been absorbed in the others."

"Well then," said I, "let us dispel this too; perhaps we shall find the first in its bosom. Shall we do so?"

"Yes, if it is possible," they replied, "but it is a hard task."

"Let us try." At once we acted upon this gigantic cloud, and in ten minutes nothing was left of it.

You may conceive the stupor of my friends who, since that day, have become my best adepts, and performed the most surprising experiments.

M. Lecoq continued his own studies with no less remarkable success.

On the following Monday I received the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Lejeune, proprietors, No. 29 Franklin street, Passy. I told them what I did, and explained my manner of proceeding. They at once began to try the experiment with the assistance of two other ladies. Each of these persons selected a cloud and cancelled in a very few minutes. The experiment was repeated several times and always with the same success. Delighted with such a demonstration, M. Lejeune endeavored to show it to the Dean of the Magnetic Society, our dear M. Mialle. The result was the same. M. Mialle could not believe the testimony of his own eyes, and exclaimed, "Oh, where are we going; my God, where are we going?"

M. Lejeune afterwards wrote me a letter in which he relates the result of all his experiments. One of the most remarkable was to break a cloud at night, to prevent the possibility of any supposition relating to the absorption that might be produced by solar rays or any similar cause. He assured me that he always succeeded according to his wishes.

M. Ravel, joiner at Argenteuil, was just as successful in his investigations. I spoke of these phenomena to two friends of mine I have at Strasbourg, and they obtained the same result whenever they tried the experiment.

This question will directly put us in contact with the science of astronomy itself. A learned man whose lessons have just now overthrown the convictions of the highest minds of the age, M. Emmanuel came and paid me a visit at Argenteuil.—He was accompanied by my friend, M. Lecoq. The present question was very soon the object of our conversation, and I was obliged to support my views by a practical demonstration. M. Emmanuel is not one of those savans in yellow kid gloves who have nothing but sarcasm and ridicule for any proposition which they do not make themselves.—On the contrary, this eminent professor did not disdain to go with us into the garden, and assist our efforts with all his magnetic action. The result was the same, and surprised him enough to desire a second experiment. I was no less successful this time than the first. He then acted alone and obtained the same result. "There is not the least doubt," he said, "the clouds are over. But have they not been absorbed by the larger ones, or dispelled by the powerful action of the sun's rays?"

My answer was this: 1st. If the largest clouds were able to absorb those on which we acted, they ought *a fortiori* have absorbed the little clouds which were between them and these last. Yet such has not been the fact.

2. Now if it were the sun which absorbed them, he would have likewise absorbed those which were nearer to him; and that again was not the case.

3. If the sun absorbed the little ones in a straight line, or by contiguity, he would do so by beginning at the extremities of the nearest clouds. Now he does not so; on the contrary, these clouds become lighter, disjoint, and disappear precisely where our action falls directly.

"That seems to me true," replied M. Emmanuel, "but it seemed to me also that several other clouds disappeared likewise around those you acted upon."

"I have not yet made this observation," said I, "but it would be very easy to avoid this difficulty by selecting perfectly isolated clouds, and repeat the experiment every hour of the day and evening. It should likewise be observed how they disappear, if it is at the same time or not, &c., &c. It is only by experimenting repeatedly that you can establish a satisfactory conviction."

"You are right," answered M. Emmanuel; "but I will try at once whether I am or am not right in my present view. Let us attack this small cloud, here on our right. . . . That one. . . . but look, it is widening instead of disappearing. . . . Oh! it is enormous. That is too much! Let me try upon another. (The result was the same.) I shall see now, if the larger clouds will not absorb the smaller ones. This question has not been studied. Be sure I shall examine it with care."

So ended this interview, which had closed by the phenomena radically opposed to the theory of absorption. Yet I do not pretend that they do not take place under the influence of an ardent sun and heavy clouds. I admit, on the contrary, this influence. But my experiments do not the less prove *a priori* the power of human magnetism upon the atmosphere. They prove alone more than all public demonstrations put together. It would be rather difficult to have clouds for confederates.

JOHN.—But, in short, are there particular conditions and manners of proceeding?

ARBERT.—Certainly, and I shall give them here; I want a deep blue sky, scattered with little clouds almost at rest. I select one as far as possible from the others. I prefer it in a perpendicular rather than a horizontal position. A yellowish white of two yards about in every sense is perfectly proper. I place myself and act in the direction it advances. I gaze fixedly at it, and lift my hands and arrange my fingers towards its centre. I intensify my thought upon that action, desiring to open, break and dispel it as completely as possible. When I begin by its centre, I wish to see the blue sky through it; and I generally see my wishes fulfilled in five or six minutes, the cloud disappearing from the ether, as a spot disappears from a towel. Let the same experiment be repeated again, whenever an objection is made. There is nothing better than facts to confute reasonings. Yet, I do not try the experiment when the cloud stands over a steeple, a mountain, or any sharp object of the same nature. There may be, in them, secret causes of attraction that would paralyze my action.

M. Charles Renard, of Rambouillet, with whom I had made my first experiments, wrote to me several years afterwards, and assured me that he had continued this study, and always with complete success. He said, moreover, that this power could go even further than I thought myself.

A student in medicine, M. Godguin, living at No. 5 Hotel de l'Universite, rue Gregoire-de-Tours, has likewise operated according to my prescriptions.—His success has been complete. He experimented in the company of several friends, and in view of confuting the arguments to which I alluded. They easily silenced their adversaries by the most astonishing facts.

Now, my dear friend, you have no resource left you, than that of becoming yourself a cloud-rod. But if you accept my proposition, you cannot deny the magnitude of its consequences. But remain in the limits of the possible, and be always faithful to the teachings of prudence. You otherwise would undoubtedly fall into some absurdity.

Our sixth conversation is devoted to an investigation about Besettings and Convolutions. In that dialogue I had nothing to teach you; the thirty-six quotations I gave being sufficiently instructive by themselves. The phenomena we obtain through magnetism are too much like the cited facts, not to see at a glance the marvellous results which human magnetism can produce. Any experiment of this nature will at once convince you that this power has played a great part in the marvellous feats of magic.

In our Seventh Dialogue we entered into the darkest and foulest corner of the human mind and history of his passions. All the crimes of this nature are classified under the generic term of Spell-thrown. On this theatre we have had a view of the most frightful crimes that ever defiled humanity. Yielding to the brutish appetites of his passions, interests and pride, man studies knows and practices every art from which he may derive either honor, pleasure or dominion. It does not matter to him whether his practices are pure or stained with blood! He knows how to triumph in darkness, and enjoy the fruit of his crimes in the abyss. He is what he wishes to be, . . . the tormentor of his brethren instead of their friend.

There only does he breathe with pleasure and satisfaction. Less courageous than Nero, the crowned headman—less shameful than Leotarde, who kills his victim and dies with horror at his own crime—man here watches the hour of his friend's sleep, in order to overwhelm him with the load of his infamy. He breathes within the shrine of the pure virgin to poison her heart with the wind of his corruption. Then on his brothers awakening, he smiles, and asks how they have slept!

In the meanwhile, it is with a secret and deep joy that he sees the cheek of his friend become hollow, and the graceful form of his child, give way before his poisoned breathing. He laughs at the groans of his agonizing friend, and dies with delight at the shame and degradation of his own sister. Yes, he says, in the depths of his thoughts—his only confidant—thank hell, he is dead! She is corrupt! Hurrah! Let us now find other victims. From the Borgias' poisons fallen into the public's hands to the magnetic poison influences of mesmerism, he makes use of everything to realize his shameful projects, to humble those he cannot subdue, and enjoy the tears and the cries of his victims. Do not think this portrait is exaggerated.—No! this man exists; this monster lives. . . . I pointed him out to you; it is now your business to recognize him and baffle his snares. Know how to find him out; if you meet him before an altar, strike like a priest. If he is under your roof strike like a man!

I will spare your heart, and forget, if possible, the horrors I recorded in this dialogue. But you must not forget that I have been exact and particular in my narrative.

In the Eighth Conversation, I called your attention to the magical power of speech. I say that I called, before I could not go farther without endangering all mankind. I have examined more particularly his healing power, in order to avoid other and more dangerous considerations. I do not know any sort of spell-thrown whose power is so universal as that of speech. I do not exclude any body from its influence; it is to say enough, that every existing being is submitted to its spell.

I spoke cautiously about sympathetic correspondences, but I avoided to speak of the *exchange of blood*. There are already too many ways of acting magnetically, and committing crime, to reveal any more of these secrets.

I closed my book by a little treatise Necromancy, which will be sufficient, I hope to enter fully into this order of investigations. But be prudent, confident and studious, respect God and have some regard for Spirits. Compare and admit an idea without enthusiasm or pride. When you shall more fully appreciate the value of these questions, we will others of no less intense an interest.

### FASHION.

Extract from a Lecture on the Cause of Disease and Preservation of Health.

BY O. W. MAY, M. D.

Were I painter, and wishing to make a picture which should be allegorical, descriptive, and at the same time truthful, I would paint the

#### "COURT OF FASHION."

In the centre of the piece I would represent the god of Fashion, enthroned on a shrine of human hearts and affections, where he could recognize, with a graceful and attractive nod, all who approach in either direction. He should be dressed in habiliments of changeable hue and varying pattern, effected by dissolving views, so as to appear to each admiring worshipper in precisely the color and form of the latest beau ideal of the attractive and desirable, and capable of changing the appearance at will, to gratify the whim or capricious dispositions of admiring votaries. Ever and anon his garments assume such shapes and styles as the worshippers had before derided as "uncomfortable," "unbecoming," "outrageous bad taste;" when they would adopt, applaud, and praise as the height of the "beautiful," "graceful," "comfortable."

The ministers of his court, Pride, Ambition, Vanity, and the World's Applause, are always in attendance, ready at all times to do his bidding, and hold out their peculiar attractions and allurements to his followers and willing worshippers, who appear ever willing to sacrifice ease, comfort, health, peace of mind, and even life itself, to win an approving smile from the Tyrant God. Among the most active of the ministers is faintly seen a *shadowy form*, like some half-formed fearful thought stealthily moving about among the worshippers, ready to close the last scene of existence of such as have exhausted life's energies in the service of this inexorable deity. He endeavors to enshroud himself in such misty envelopments as to avoid being recognized, as with sinewy, icy fingers, he stealthily feels for the heartstrings of those most interested in the worship; seemingly ubiquitous, as he is

ever ready at a point where there is a victim to be extinguished.

In every direction around the shrine, are winding, undulating paths, bordered by flowery, thorny shrubbery, beautiful to behold, but in some parts rugged and vexatious, although apparently attractive. Around the throne, and throughout the paths, are pitfalls, through which one after another of the worshippers disappear; the great mass not knowing or caring why, so long as they can enjoy the satisfaction of continuing the worship with the gay throng, in the giddy whirl of dissipation; but the discerning cannot fail to observe, that the shadowy minister of the last rites, as he discovers they have worn out the powers of the physical system, by their unhalloved manner of worship, snaps their last remaining heartstring, and opens a pitfall at the same time, when he puts them from sight.

Throughout all these scenes, the deity is well pleased with the sacrifices, and signifies his satisfaction to others, who eagerly crowd his courts, where, apparently, their only satisfaction is found; and so craving is he for worship, that nothing satisfies his thirst but a sacrifice of all comfort, affection, and even the love of God himself. And when their lives are so far worn out in this service that they are no longer fit or able to continue the worship, we see how they are shoved out of sight by the *shadowy minister*, when they are soon forgotten, or only remembered by some stricken friend, who can only regret and mourn the infatuation which should lead to such a course of life which inevitably destroys life.

On the right, in the foreground of the picture, are seen groups of young people, mostly girls, who are making fantastic and extravagant displays of dresses; and although they do not observe him, the *shadowy form* is among them, picking out one after another—always selecting such as have served his master most blindly. Here is a group with tight waists, overlapped ribs, compressed, palpitating hearts, tuberculated, congested lungs, depraved blood, and giddy brain. There, a group sweeping the ground with their lengthy costumes, ready, with all their wet and filth, to be swabbed around unprotected ankles, during church ceremonies, a lecture, or a fashionable call. Here, a multitude with feet and ankles so scantily protected as scarcely to exceed that provided by Nature, with winching, hobbling gait, hectic cheeks, and consumptive lungs; and there, a group who think that with weighty skirts and tournures, they are making a gloriously attractive appearance with these artificial deformities; and, in fact, the god seems well pleased to see health, comfort and life sacrificed in this way, during his pleasure.

On the left of the foreground are clusters of mothers, who no longer able to make a display of their devotion in their own persons, are offering up their children at the shrine. These little victims are bandaged and compressed to make them look trim, pretty and puny—stuffed to make them appear plump and scrofulous—excluded from the air, that they may be pale and interesting, as each vain mother imagines most acceptable to the god, and best prepared to pass easily into the hands of the *shadowy minister*, when they disappear and are seen no more. Did we not know these facts, it might seem strange that one half of all the children born into the world are slipped out of sight before they are five years old. Mothers appear unsatisfied with sacrificing themselves in the worship, but after becoming too feeble to continue the display, they exert their last energies in trying to attract attention to the children they have brought into the world, burdened with a puny existence—so puny, that before they have endured life five years, the sacrifice is complete.

Here and there among these groups may be seen those innocents whose mothers are too feeble, or too much engaged in the worship, to attend to them, presented to the god by hireling nurses; and the doting mother prides herself that she is able to present the sacrifice in the latest fashion of baby costume.

Centrally, in the foreground of the picture, may be seen a jolly group, sipping decoctions of stimulating grains and herbs, which promote a gossiping hilarity, while it gradually undermines the constitutions, and prepares them for a visit from the *shadowy minister*, or to visit or be visited by a mediciner, to finish up the preparation. This is one of the favorite modes of worship; and the god is altogether better pleased, that the sacrifice is so insidiously and gradually accomplished, that the votaries do not see, or will not believe, such causes produce such results. Their shattered nerves, sleepless or restless nights, days of headaches and impaired digestion, secure the complacent regard of the god, that more ostentatious displays often fail to obtain.

In the background, on the right, is seen a group engaged in gluttonous, bacchanalian revels—viands abounding, wine flowing freely, "eating, drinking, and making merry." They have no thought of the *shadowy minister* stealthily moving among them, testing by an icy touch which have prepared themselves, by excess in eating, drinking, or the use of poisons, to be easily extinguished, and shoves them out of sight; one touch is sufficient, and they disappear through a pitfall, to be seen no more; and the god is well pleased with the oblation.

Mingling with these, and farther to the left, are those engaged with all their might in chewing, snuffing, or smoking, u filthy, noisome, narcotic, poisonous weed, by which their blood is poisoned, nervous energy impaired, and the tone of the stomach destroyed.

The young and new beginners esteeming it an attribute of manhood, "a kind of knighthood that elevates them to men," by its use become pale and faint, nauseous and trembling, have cold sweats and vomiting, from its poisonous, narcotic effects upon untamed nerves; but the old *habitués* laud it as a precious boon, and would sooner part with things held most dear, than abandon its use, even after they cease to follow it as a fashion, to please the god, or to make them men. Their paths are marked by filthy, slimy pools, ashes, stumps, and quids, which accumulate by their industrious habits in this vocation, notwithstanding the efforts of stately dames, sleek misses, and proud matrons, to sweep and carry away these nuisances with their trailing costumes, which they deposit in their chambers and wardrobes, as a "sweet-smelling savor" to the god of their idolatry. The *shadowy minister* does not neglect these "rotaries of the weed," but is busy in selecting such as are poisoned and impure past redemption, and water cannot save.

Far to the left, in the background, are these of all classes who have injured themselves in the worship, and feel or fear they soon must die—that the *shadowy form* approaches them too closely. They now cluster around the dispensers of drugs and charms, in the hope of procuring the means of warding off the consequences of their previous improprieties of life. Here, too, the *shadowy form* is among them, more active than ever, as though at home, finding it easy to extinguish those whose shattered nerves and worn-out muscles are still

further palsied by drug medication. At his slightest touch they expire, and a pitfall receives them—they are past redemption—even water cannot save them.

Dotting the picture, at various points, are rich, ostentatiously-decorated temples, ostensibly dedicated to "the only living and true God," but often desecrated to strange, wild schemes, mammon's uses, and secular ends. The richly-carpeted slips and cushioned seats accommodate the worshippers of Fashion's god, to the exclusion of many true worshippers, who are thrown into the shade by the more pretentious displays of those who know no other religion but custom, fashion, popularity, and formalism, and think, perhaps, they are moving heavenward, while their unhalloved worship would lead a Pollock to exclaim, that they had, "sooner than devils hoped, arrived in hell."

Skirting the sides of the picture, and attempting to enter the paths, may be seen a few in rational costumes, combining ease, comfort and health—graceful and becoming—but they win not the favorable notice of the god; especially after the manufacturers of dress-goods take the alarm, and incite the boys and rowdies, and brainless dandies, to hoot and point the finger at them, when the whole host of worshippers join in shouts of ridicule and sneering remarks, which few are able to withstand; and they retire, leaving the paths free to more favored, but insane, worshippers. In sorrow they retire, looking back with pitying glances at those among whom the *shadowy form* is trying the heartstrings, to see who have worn out their energies, and are ready to be extinguished.

And many among the worshippers themselves appear to look regretfully upon the infatuation which leads the votaries through the fantastic follies, murderous customs, suicidal habits, and insane displays, to gratify appetites, and the vanity of standing in the ranks of the worshippers of a god so tyrannical, and so exacting of sacrifices, as to require such votaries as wish to win his smiles, to lay their lives upon his altar.

It appears that all the ceremonies of this court are calculated to impair the constitutions of the votaries, induce disease in various forms, and finally, obliteration by the *shadowy form*—DEATH.—*Highland Home Water-Cure, Fishkill Landing, N. Y.*

### THE BIBLE AMONG THE TURKS.

At a meeting of the New York Bible Society, on the 27th ult., the Hon. P. G. Marsh, late American Minister at Constantinople, made the following remarks:

He said that he should attempt no oratorical effort—that his remarks would tend to illustrate the social and moral position of Turkey. The countries styled the Levant were inhabited chiefly by Musselmans, some Jews, and by Christians of the Greek and Armenian sects. All of them stand equally in need of the Bible. There are no legal but practical obstacles, to the circulation of the Bible among the latter classes. It is curious to compare the moral status of the Mohammedan with that of the professedly Christian population.

The Musselman is better than his false religion, the Asiatic Christian is worse than his corrupted creed. The former is in practice respectable, the latter vicious. There is a difference in the character of the races—the one has preserved the entire purity of his faith, and the other has corrupted it. As to the Musselman, the more we examine the subject, the more we shall be struck with the close resemblance between the faith of Mohammed and that of the Jews, the points of analogy being very striking. The orthodox Turk recognizes the history and morals of the Old Testament as of divine authenticity and promulgation. Mr. Marsh recited at great length the "call to prayer," a sort of sermon uttered by the muezzins from the minarets of the Mohammedan mosques, as furnishing an excellent epitome of the Mohammedan theology, and an equally good illustration of orthodox Judaism.—With the exception "Mohammed is his prophet," it might pass. He argued that though the ceremonial observances are different, yet there is an absolute coincidence in all the essential theological positions. There is one particular in which the Mohammedan goes beyond even the classes of Christians, namely, in the doctrine of absolute acquiescence of mind in God's supposed decrees. The word "Moslem" signifies "resignation," and in like manner "Islam" imports "submission."

As to the New Testament, the Turks acknowledge the divine mission of Jesus, alleging that except Mohammed, he was the greatest of mankind. Of course they do not believe in the doctrine of vicarious punishment, and that it would be unjust to suppose otherwise than that the real Jesus was supernaturally snatched away at the time of the crucifixion, as underscoring of so cruel a fate.

They think the Bible text corrupted, both of the Old and New Testament. Jesus, they contend, was not the author of the Testament, and that a new dispensation was not given to him, but to Mohammed.

It may be urged, that there ought, then, to be no difficulty in their conversion. But there is a two-fold difficulty. In the first place, the Koran holds out the promise of a sensual paradise. To this it may be replied that such is the poverty of our language, so inadequate are our own powers of conception of Spiritual things, such our own natural incapacity to realize any other, (as was illustrated by the necessarily figurative descriptions in Scripture), that the difference between us and the consequent difficulty is not so very great after all. But here is the point—the way to the demolition of the Musselman faith is indirect. The Koran is to him what the Pentateuch is to the Jew. It is the code which defines and limits his civil rights and responsibilities. In this respect, therefore, there is a marked and striking contrast between the Koran and the New Testament. The latter is rather a system of principles than precepts. Its highest praise is that it generalizes upon all topics which may become the subject of ethical difficulty. But it does not say in express terms, for instance, whether polygamy or slavery are right or wrong. It condemns such special acts as are condemned and denounced by men of all creeds. Now the Koran is a thing of positive injunctions. With the Musselman the State and the Church are identical—Christianity on the contrary, being silent as to the necessity or advantages of such proposed union, existing, where it does exist, by inferences extremely forced. With the Turks, religion makes the State, but in the old civilizations of Europe, the State makes or defines what is right and wrong. Now, applying these views of their social state to the question of the introduction of Christianity, it is obvious that if Turkey receives the Bible it must be accepted not in the first and highest relation, as a Spiritual, but as a temporal necessity.—When Mohammedism falls, it will not be because of the conviction that Christianity is true, but because of the conviction that Christianity is true, but because the Asiatic is becoming convinced his own social system is bad, that Turkey can no longer exist under its present political and moral organization by the side of European Christianity, and its result.

These opinions are rapidly gaining ground in that country. The circulation of the Bible is free—it is sold openly in the streets of Constantinople. The law does not permit the open profession of Christianity, but converts, from the mere perusal of the sacred volume, are becoming numerous.

Constantinople is a place of much trade. Mr. Marsh has seen four hundred square-rigged vessels pass the Bosphorus in five hours, comprising all the flags of the world. There is no ecclesiastical police, as the Italian ports, no difficulty whatever in making our trading relations subservient to the dissemination of the Scriptures in Turkey, and doubtless God would make even the wrath of man to praise him in rendering it certain that, whoever is victor in the war that is raging, religious immunities and privileges are sure to be equally stipulated for by either party, the Ottoman Empire presenting at this moment the widest and most encouraging field in the world for the distribution of the Bible.

Mr. Marsh observed that there were two or three versions in use among them. The Turkish language is written in Armenian rather than Arabic characters, a language that is spoken from the borders of the Adriatic to Bokhara; and with which a man might travel from Stambul through Persia to the great wall of China. Hitherto there has been no satisfactory Arabic version, but the Rev. Dr. Smith, an American, residing on Moscow street, is completing a new translation of the Bible, from the Hebrew, into that language. After some further observations in reference to the contingent effects of the war now raging, and its probable subservience to the cause of civilization and Christianity, Mr. Marsh concluded his interesting address.

ELOQUENT EXTRACT.—Works of science and history are the medium in which men speak to us; works of poetry and art, that in which they speak from themselves. With these the heavenly dilectus precisely corresponds; being in fact, the great originals, whereof these are but the faint echoes.—The outward objects of science and history,—the phenomena recorded by the one, and the events narrated by the other—all the calculable happenings of the frame and order of things are God's *dilectus* address to us, in which he gives us the information we need about his ways. And that which awakens poetry and art—the invisible light that bathes the world—the nameless essence that fills it—the devout uplifted look of all things—is the personal effusion of God's Spirit, by which the secret spreads of what he is. In the system of nature and life, he teaches us his will: in the beauty of nature and life, he meditates from himself. If we and all similar beings were away, the former would become unmeaning, and the busy movements, the mighty forces, the mechanical successes, the breathless haste of movements, the patient roll of ages, would seem to be suspended, and to be a mere senseless stir, were they not in sympathy with seeming life, and a discipline of countless minds. But in our presence or our absence, the everlasting beauty would still remain. All that lay beneath the eternal eye would sleep in serene light, and wait no leave from us. That is a thought which God has writ only for himself; a word of his that asks no audience. Yet he cares not to hide it from us; and he has made us too like himself, that a glance suffices to interpret and fill us with his blessed inspiration.

God is related to his own works and ways just as genius to the creations of poetry or art, that issue from it; and both must be appreciated in the same manner—by the softened gaze of reverence, not by the dry sharp sightedness of knowledge.—All our acute study of such things is but a delusion and a battery, if we suppose it really to open to us the sources from which they come. You may analyse, if you will, the dramas of Shakespeare, the paintings of Raffaele, the music of Butthorn; you may disengage, for separate inspection, action, character, sentiment, and custom; you may know each composition at every turn; discern its structure; recognize its proportions; lay your finger on its happiest lights. But do you reproduce the state of mind that first created it? Do you get upon the traces of the author's way of work? Are your rules and laws, when you have drawn them out, a faithful representation of the soul, from whose expressions you have deduced them? Can they spread, beneath any other views, the many clustered plans of life, as it lay beneath the player's large and earnest eye, or fill the world again with the rich tints and noble forms that reflected their repose upon the painter's face; or send through any second learnt the wild bright sounds that sighed and sung through the deaf, unconscious soul? This, you will own, your criticism cannot do. At best, it does but sketch an artificial method, which, if it could be perfectly obeyed, might be a substitute for the natural one. Only it cannot be obeyed; and when the attempt is made, it produces not a living likeness, but a dead imitation, the nature turned into war, and the heavens flinted to iron carcasses, and the passion of melody reduced to an unmeaning among things. The canons of taste, so far from being an approach to the mind of the artist, are the extreme point of departure from it; being the expression of a dissecting self-consciousness, the intrusion of which had been fatal to his work.

The steps by which we slowly understand are not the idea in which God instantly discerns, and eternally executes. The laws which we extract are not the patient alphabet in which he speaks so successfully to us the tenderness of his spontaneous thoughts. They are the rules which our criticism draws from the analysis of his productions, but like the precepts taken from the study of ancient art, they express our afterthought, not his forethought; and though they are a true light to our knowledge, they are a false shadow on our religion. In one sense, no doubt, they are the voice of God. As men talk to us, and tell us what they have been doing and what they still intend to do; yet sheltered from us, perhaps almost from themselves, their inward love and wisdom; so here does God adopt our speech, address himself to our instruction, and teach us the outward purpose of his Will; but opens not the infinite well-spring from whence all the power and order flow.

The soul as it sings cannot both worship and beat time. The rainbow interpreted by the prism, is not more sacred than when it was taken for the memorandum of God's promissory mercy, painting the access and recess of his thought. The holy night, that shows us how much more the sunshines than it reveals, and warns us that the more clearly we may see, the more we shall see, the more astonishing is our blindness to what is above our heads—is less divine when watched from the observatory of science, than when gazed at from the oratory of prayer. To the one it is the ancient architecture, to the other the instant meditation of the Most High. And so it is with all the features of our world. The daily lights, fresh as a young child every morning, and dignified as the mellowness of age at even; the yearly changes less fair and dear to our infancy than